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FORREST J ACKERMAN'S

MONSTER

LAND



MR. MONSTER IS BACK!

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE
MONSTERS TO ME:

ELVIRA

SYBIL DANNING

JANE BADLER

CHARLES GRANT
TALKS WITH

STEPHEN KING

STING
MEETS
THE BRIDE

MADE IN JAPAN
A NEW

GODZILLA

PLUS:
THE STUFF
FRANKENWEENIE
VINCENT PRICE'S
BLOODBATH



FORREST J ACKERMAN'S
MONSTERLAND

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THE WAY HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN!**

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Forrest J Ackerman has appeared on Merv Griffin, You Asked For It, To Tell The Truth, Good Morning America, The Tomorrow Show, The Today Show, The Mike Douglas Show, To The Stars, Down Memory Lane, Future Tense... And on television in England, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Japan, Canada, Australia, Germany, Yugoslavia and Romania.

Forrest J Ackerman wrote or edited Mr. Monster's Movie Guide, Lon of 1000 Faces!, The Frankenscience Monster, Famous Monsters Strikes Back, 100 Monster magazines from 1958 to 1982.

Forrest J Ackerman won the first Hugo, Dracula Society's First Redcliffe, Atlanta Fantasy Fair Award, Trade and Saturn Awards from Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films, Frank R. Paul, Golden (Burroughs) Lion Award, Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy Hall of Fame Award, Hugos from Germany, Italy and Japan!

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Dr. Donald A. Reed, Founder of the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films: "He is the heart of the Count Dracula Society"

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EDITORIAL

FEAR WARNING!

Fair warning:

This is an Editorial born of quiet desperation.

It is the day after the birthday (Nov. 4) of my wife, legendarily known in print as Wendyne Rocket to the Rue Morgue Wahrmen, and I have just had the (flying) rug pulled out from under me by the publisher, who has requested that I move the deadline on material for FJAM up by half a month!

I can't blame the publisher, who produces a new genre magazine every 3 days(!): He is moving his whole operation—New Media Publishing Ink (correction: change that to Inc.)—3000 miles across the continent from Tampa to Hollywood. (Ordinarily a mild-mannered man, they had one horror-cane too many in Florida and he lost his Tampa.) [PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Or as we say here, I was bothered once too often and I told them not to Tampa with me.] The change of base of operations is, presumably, a once in a lifetime effort and a very time-consuming one, so there is nothing unreasonable about the request for an advanced deadline.

It just makes it impossible for me to write the Editorial I had intended for the followup to the premiere issue of FJAM.

I had figured on the magazine being seen all over the country for at least 10 days before my deadline so there'd be time for a number of early bird letters indicating whether we had a hit or a miss. I was also counting on lots of missives & missiles for The LetterHEAD.

Instead, I'm forced to do one of those "fake it" editorials that, by publisher's fiat, I had to write for a quarter of a century in my previous incarnation as editor of the original filmmonsterzine. Fluff & puff, no particular substance.

Well, maybe I can pull a rabbit out of a hat and give this some society redeeming substance. Let me take you into my editorial confidence and explain something to you, in case you ever contemplate becoming a contributor.



Without, at time of writing, having received a single letter re the first issue of FJAM, I can guarantee you there were at least 50 disappointed people:

The authors of the following works that didn't make it into the premiere issue, and their wives, sons, daughters, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins and a coterie of close friends, not to mention the IRS:

The Halloween Society. The Lon Chaney Factory. The Horrorwood Museum. The Dracule Awards Banquet. The Fire of Pele preview. The Lad of 1000 Faces. The Bride. Bloodbath at the House of Death. Boris Karloff Revived by Dr. Phibes.

Most in this Issue. Note that I was the author of one of the foregoing and even as editor I didn't have the clout to bump something out in favor of my feature. [Another Publisher's Note: And several of my favorite pieces failed to get in as well, sigh....]

What contributors have got to understand and hold the editor blameless for is the physical fact that type, as John W. Campbell once pointed out to the readership of Astounding, is not made of rubber and will not stretch to accommodate every possible word wanted in a single issue. And: the publisher does not print submissions to stroke authors' egos—or even an editor's [or even his own] Satisfied customers count first with the publisher. Without readers there would be no magazine for

me to edit or writers to submit to. Mainly the publisher decides on the basis of what's hot, what's not; what's timely, what can sell an issue without the readers knowing the difference. And what works together to create the best balance of material that will appeal to readers.

I'll bet you a dollar to a million-year-old dinosaur egg that there is not one single author of any of the articles that didn't make it into the first issue but who is convinced that his/her submission would have filled the same space infinitely more desirably than some article that did make it. (Ah, ego-bruise: I know MY article was 10 times better than any of the freelance features that replaced it. Well...maybe nine times better. I suppose you could wait 8 weeks to find out Frenkenstein's Aunt Tillie has been made in Mexico.)

Anticipating occasional milfs on the part of contributors whose works are held over, I thought I'd utilize this space to exonerate myself in the eyes of potentially critical byliners. Don't hold the editor responsible for your disappointment and don't be too hard on the publisher. While the publisher recognizes that all his writers are geniuses (well, with the exception of the editor) he pleads that he is only human. We both want to be bringing you FJAM every month in the year 2000, so contributors, please be kind.



FORREST J ACKERMAN'S
MONSTER
LAND

HAL SCHUSTER
Publisher

FORREST J ACKERMAN
Editor & Chief

ROBERT LEWIS
Production Mgr./Art Director

• **JAMES R. MARTIN**
Asst. Designer

STAFF WRITERS
*Ron Bost, Dennis Fischer, Don Glut,
Eric Hoffman, Harris Lentz, Bert &
Nancy Mills, Randy Palmer, Bob Strauss,
Gary Siehl*

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
Walter J. Dougherty

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS
*Wiktor Bukato, Mei Chen, Chris Collier,
Georges Couine, Hans Frankfurter, Luis
Garcia, Rolf Giesen, Boris Grabnar, Ivan
Hedrich, Ion Hobasa, Hajime Ishida,
Stephen Jones, Alex Kill, Peter Kucica,
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THEA COCHUE
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FANTASY FILMARQUEE

MONSTER MOVIES ON THE MARCH!

It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That King: Sinistar Staphan's cold eye has provided another vehicle for hot little number *Draw Barrymore*. How many more will he bury? *Saa Cat's Eye* and find out! And if you survive that fright, you'll want to set aside a night for *The Tallman*. If you want to read it first, there might still be a copy left at your local bookstore: a record 620,000 hardcovers have been published.

Grab It! The followup to the fabulous fantasy *The Navarand Story* will be called...*Krabati*

Two Williams for the price of one: Billy Dee & Vanessa will team for a voodoo thriller with a ghostly/GHASTLY THEME: *Haunts*.

And speaking of thrillers, Michael Jackson will make his starring theatrical debut in *Battle of Palm Springs*, a title which does not suggest what the picture is to be: a "realistic supernatural comedy."

A SUPER NATURAL

Do we really have to tell you this? Couldn't you predict it yourself? Of course there'll be a sequel to the great spookerama blockbuster of 1984: 1985's *Ghostbusters II*.

Silver throats among the ghoul: Dino DeLaurentis promises an "epic movie version" of Staphen (again!) King's thriller novel *Silver Bullet*.

That other Staphen, Spielberg, will be bringing us *Goonies*. For further info about this fillum see our interview with the great SS in our premiere issue.

Don't confuse *My Science Project* (Disney) with *Weird Science* (Universal). More on these in our companion film magazine *Entarprise Incidents*, SF MovieLand.

Christopher Lea returns to the type of film that made him famous in *The Howling II* with amazonian Sybil Danning.

HOO-RAY FOR MILLAND

Ray Milland goes back a long way in Imagi-movies. The ghostly classic *The Uninvited*. The devilish *Allee Nick Baal*. X. *The Man with X-Ray Eyes*...*Frogs*...*The Thing with Two*



Exclusive to FJAM! Rolf Giesen being made up for his role as the ghost of a ventriloquist in the poltergeistesque film of a little boy—*Joey*—in whose neighborhood there is a haunted house.





Here's Joey—from the previous page this led cute a striking figure. Plus the monstrous midget mince of Deno Argento's *Phenomena*. And the first flash of New Television of Mary Shelley's immortal 1818 *Frankenstein*.



Heeds...Panix in the Year Zero—he's made his presanca felt in quite a few of our genre films. Now he's joined by Darran **Night Stalker** McGavin and Taryn **Eye of the Tiger** Power in **The See Serpent**, a story of a "Nessie" type oceanic monster with whom he does battle.

Spain's leading horror actor Paul Naschy stars in **Operation Mentle**, **The Werewolf** and the **Yeti** and **The Beast** and the **Magic Sword**.

FJAM's Spanish correspondent Salvador Salnz is currently scripting **Deeth's Demilee** and, about the vampire of Catalonia, **The Legend of Estruch**.

Pitch Black is a horror spoof.

Watch MTV for **FJAM's** aditor in a B.B. King special, a tribute to his hit numbers "Lucilia" and "The Midnight Hour". Dan Aykroyd and Steve Martin are also in the video show.

FLASH

The sequel to **Poltergeist** will be known as **Poltergeist II: The Other Side**.

Orson Welles will portray God and Mick Jagger the Devil in **Seten and Eve**.

Night Magic is a fantasy filmusical.

Night Eyes may be R-rated for rodents. It's about giant rats attacking homeless people in subways.

From France: **Frankenstein 1990**.

From Italy: **Funny Frankenstein**. From Mexico: **Frankenstein's Aunt Tillie**.

From USA television: **The Frankenstein Project**.

Arnold Schwarzanaggar will portray Kalidor in the swordcary thriller from comedom, **Red Sonja**.

SEE ENTERPRISE INCIDENTS

For sci-fi buffs among **FJAM's** readers we recommend you pick up our companion periodical, **Enterprise Incidents** (which is currently undergoing a name change to **SF MovieLand**) for more explicit info on such forthcoming scien-tifilms as:

Back to the Future

Cocoon

Road Warrior II

A Tale of the Earth

Battlefield Earth I and II

Mendroid

Prison Planet

The New Extraterrestrial

Nothing Lasts Forever

Enemy Mine

Peace Dye

Explorers

2084

And perhaps most anticipated of all: A.E. van Vogt's **SLAN**.

THE

KING

GRANTS AN INTERVIEW

BY CHARLES GRANT

Charles L. Grant is a Nebula Award Winner and a very prominent fantasy and horror writer. He has also collected numerous anthologies including stories by Stephen King among the many top-notch talents he has gathered in an seemingly endless stream of books that bid to make him the leading American editor of horror/fantasy. In the unlikely event you don't know who Stephen King is, you will know a grave deal about the Shockspire of Horror sans peer by the time you peer into the inner depths of the monstrosity maestro's twisted psyche as revealed to interviewer Grant.

Grant: Which of your stories is your favorite?

King: I think my favorite novel is still *Salem's Lot* in terms of the way it makes me feel. I don't think it's the best but it's my favorite. As far as short stories are concerned, I like the grizzly ones best. However, the story "Survivor Type" goes a little bit too far even for me. After 4 years of fruitless efforts to get the thing published, Charlie Grant bought the story.

Grant: Do you really think that story is funny?

GROSS ENCOUNTER

King: I think it's hilarious! A guy cuts himself up and eats himself, piece by piece. It's the grossest thing you've read!

Grant: Why did I buy that?

King: You bought it just because of King's name! (Laughter)

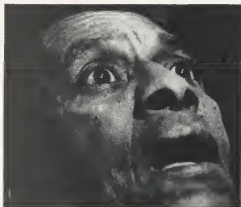
THE THIEF OF BAD GAG

Grant: What's it like being married to a novelist?

King: It's alright. We work on entirely separate tracks so it isn't much of a problem. Every now and then she'll accuse me of stealing one of her ideas. Now would I do that? She's got a new book out but I'm not here to plug my wife's books...It's called *Caretakers* by Tabitha King, published by McMillan (and now available in softcover), at a bookstore near you.

Grant: In Danse Macabre you hypothesized that one of the reasons people are so fascinated with horror stories is that they are rehearsing for the bad or violent death. Comment?





Bothmen Crothers had his druthers, we're sure this encounter with horror wouldn't have been his, er, Shining hour. Meanwhile maricale Jack Abernison, on the other end of that murderous instrument, shouts "You need for ill!"

DANSING WITH FEARS IN MY EYES

King: You know, in a lot of ways I think that it's bull. That's not to put down what I wrote or what you asked but I just don't think anybody knows. I associate it with mortality because I think that we're the only sentient creatures on the Earth, with the possible exception of chimps, whales and dolphins, that can contemplate their own end. I'm not real sure about chimps because they don't seem to have much of a conception of time. Time is very important to the idea of mortality. In 200 years, none of us are going to be here. Which reminds me of something else one of my kids said. Out of the mouths of babes... My 6-year-old wanted to know how old Tabby and I would be when he was 99, and Joe, who is 10, said, "They'll be dead; they'll be in the ground; they'll be all black and things will be falling off of them." That was a real conversation stopper! The point is, we are observant creatures and we see that most of the endings are bad ones. I think I said in *Danse Macabre*, in fact I know I did, that I'd like to die in bed of a heart attack. Then it would be like (snaps fingers) that. A lot of times it doesn't happen that way and I think we have to prepare for that.

Grant: Did Jody have a good time making *Creepshow*?

"TAD" BROWNING'S FREAKSHOW

King: Yeah, Jody has a good time but he did get freaked out for awhile. He was 8 or 9 at the time and to be in your pajamas with a whole bunch of people around this bed in a strange house can

be very unsettling. All the lights and everything. He just came to the point where it was either freak out or go to work. He went to work.

One of the first things you hear in the movie is an argument between him and his father. He says something to his father and you hear a smack. They put this very realistic makeup bruise on his face. The night that scene was shot Jody worked late, according to the Screen Actors Guild rules, or whatever it was, but we got everything on film and I enthusiastically assisted in the exploitation of my son. We'd gone over budget by then. When we finished working at around 11pm, he wanted to stop at McDonald's on the way back to the place where we were staying. So we went to the drive-up window and this cat takes one look and his mouth drops open. By the time we left, about 15 minutes later, everyone in that McDonald's had been outside to see the kid in his pajamas with this great big bruise on the side of his face.

Grant: Is there a particular director that you'd like to work with that you haven't worked with before?

King: I'd like to work with Spielberg. I think that would be fun. I came very, very close to writing *Pollux*. I would have liked to work with Don Siegel, the guy who did the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Another is Sam Peckinpaw. There are a lot of directors I really like but in most cases the last thing filmmakers want is to work with an author. I'd like to do originals and I'd like to come more with George Romero. It was a great experience. I'd like to work with long form on cable sometime. George

really wants that mood to spread, y'know. Give that guy 9 hours and he'll give everyone in America a heart attack!

Grant: Would you like to direct?

DIRECT QUOTE

King: I'd like to do it once. I've always had the feeling that I could probably do a horror picture and scare people. But that is yet to be proven. There comes a moment when you're writing, that you see something that some other writer has done and been paid for and you say, "I know I can do better than that!" I don't know that I could do better than anybody else but sometime I'd like to try it. I think it would be possible to really give people the tremors, send them out of the theater straight to an ambulance!

Grant: When one of your stories is being filmed, do you work closely with the director or is it varied? You probably worked closely with George Romero.

King: Yes, I did work closely with George but those other guys—no.

Grant: Were you pleased with *The Shining*? Many people were disappointed.

King: *The Shining* is a strange case—perverse. It's perverse in a lot of ways. Stanley is sort of a perverse director. My original response to the film was that I'd given Stanley Kubrick a live hand grenade and he had heroically thrown his body on it. Sometimes I wonder how Bob Bloch, who is a real gentleman, has been able to cope with people asking, "How did you like *Psycho*?"—for 20-some years. He must be a little bit tired of that question. I'm getting tired of *The Shining* question and it hasn't been that long although sometimes it seems like 20 years. I hope people aren't asking me that question in 20 years

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

A REPORT
FROM
TERRIFIED TOKYO

TOHO FILMS A COMPLETELY NEW

GODZILLA

BY HAJIME ISHIDA

It began with a storm.

Now a hurricane of horror threatens to obliterate Japan.

A few weeks ago a young sailor was caught in a raging sea in a lone boat off the shore of the southern tip of Izu Island. As he stared into the dark, a bolt of lightning split the night. For a fraction of a second the scene was illuminated. And he saw—something. Something gigantic, rearing out of the turbulent waves.

The next moment the ship shuddered and the crew was knocked unconscious. A short time after the storm subsided, a young reporter boarded the fishing boat. It was silent as a tomb. On deck he discovered...mummified corpses! Below deck, the terrified survivor Okumura.

Returning topside, the pair was attacked by what could only be described as a ...giant louse! A parasite a yard long! The two fought and killed the incredible insect.

Dr. Hayashida of the Maritime Safety Agency was assigned to determine what sort of creature could support such a huge sea-louse. Thirty years earlier the doctor's parents were killed when Godzilla first appeared and ravaged Tokyo. For 3 decades he has harbored hatred of the Brobdingnagian beast and dreamed of revenge. He was the first to privately voice the belief that Godzilla had returned!

The government clamped down a seal of silence, fearing without a news blackout there would be a public panic.

Then a Soviet nuclear submarine sank under mysterious circumstances.

Tension between the USA and USSR rose.





At last the re-appearance of Godzilla could be kept secret no longer!

One day recently the whole world knew Godzilla has returned: he sought out the nuclear power plant at Ithema.

Dr. Heyeshida describes Godzilla: "He is an animal and yet not an animal. Such a creature has never existed in the history of Earth. But Godzilla only behaves by instinct and is never offensive. It is unfortunate that because of his gigantic body and power he has wreaked terrible destruction in the past..."

The same magnetic substance found

in migratory birds has been isolated in Godzilla's body and scientists hope to influence the great beast by super-sonic bombardment.

In the meantime, a political problem rears its ugly head. Representatives of both America and the Soviet Union have demanded an attack against Godzilla by nuclear missiles. But this is contrary to 3 strict principles of Japan:

Don't make a nuclear weapon.

Don't have a nuclear weapon.

Don't allow a nuclear weapon to be brought into the country.

Japan is the only country in the world

that has suffered from atomic bombing. We have vowed there shall never be repetition.

But can Godzilla be destroyed in any other way?

Our country trembles at the crossroads.

Is this the final reel for our Land of the Rising Sun?

Will Japan be crushed beneath the colossal claws of this monster from the deep?

Only Toho Studios holds the solution to our draconian dilemma!

V
AS IN VICIOUS

**THE REIGN OF
BAD(LE) JANE**

BY BOB STRAUSS

How does a sweet and innocent beauty contest winner become an alien, men-eating lizard monster from outer space? Cosmic rays? Genetic mutation? Reading too many **MON-STERLANDS**? No, it's far more complicated than that: she decides to become an actress.

That's what happened to Jane Badler, or Diene as she is known to millions of terrorvision viewers of NBC's miniseries and weekly serial, **V**, second-in-command of the invading alien Visitors come to occupy, and depopulate, planet Earth. A former Miss New Hampshire and theater arts graduate of Northwestern University, Jane had appeared in hundreds of television commercials, an episode of *Fantasy Island* and in regular roles in cry-fi flicks (soap operas *One Life to Live* and *The Doctors*) before being cast as the sexy seductress from







Various poses of the cast of America's favorite science fiction television series, *V* features the talents of Diana Baker as an invading alien fiend—perhaps the queen of the lizards.



space. It was, she feels, "My innate sweetness that Ken Johnson, the writer/producer of the *V* miniseries, was enchanted by, and which won me the part over the 500 other actresses competing for it.

"I think what Ken liked about me was that I was against type," the five foot six inch, brunet actress explains. "I wasn't very hardlooking and my face wasn't angular. I was a little younger than they had anticipated casting [one of the actresses competing for the Diane role was Jill St. John], a little softer and more womanly. I think he liked the idea of that kind of person as evil."

EVIL AS A BOLL WEEVIL

How evil Diane ultimately turned out to be came as a surprise to Jane. "At the time I was auditioning, I had no idea what the show was about. I was living in New York and I read the script while flying to Los Angeles for the tryout. I certainly didn't have time to digest it; I just thought it was one of the oddest things I had ever read.

"I knew Diane was an evil character but I had no inkling of just what was going to happen with her. At the time of the first miniseries, she just had 4 little scenes. Everything that's happened since has been quite a surprise."

Indeed. For the part of Diane, Jane has been called upon to eat live guinea pigs. "I really don't eat those guinea pigs and mice and insects," Badler insists. "It's all done with special effects. I just have to pick them up, they cut away to a dummy head, and then they edit back to me putting a little furry thing in my mouth. Not that it's easy; I hate anything that's creepy and crawling." She has had to torture captives with sincere relish, blast away at anybody who crosses her path, and generally exhibit the kind of devious, ruthless and unscrupulous behavior that one would expect from a cross between a Gestapo agent and a snake. Jane has proven herself more than equal to the task but insists that it's all good acting.

"Diane has no conscience, sensitivity, morals or values," the actress says. "I have a heavy dose of all of those qualities. I believe in doing things with integrity. I've made compromises along the way in my life and my career—who hasn't—but I have never done anything to hurt anyone else. Certainly that is not one of Diane's fortes! She will do anything to get what she wants. I think there are more important things in this world than obtaining material goods

and power.

"If she does have a good point, besides her strength and self-assurance, which I greatly admire, it is that she believes in what she does. Diane believes that the most important thing is for the people of her planet to have food and to survive. It's basically the same thing Hitler believed in. Obviously, the means for achieving this are wrong, too twisted and narrow. But she's 100 percent for her race and her place in it. So, whatever gets in her way, she feels totally justified in destroying."

WELL PAID YET WORKING FOR SCALE

Portraying a character with a personality so completely different from one's own is challenging enough. When she also happens to be someone from an entirely alien world, culture and even species, the challenge increases exponentially.

"It's hard portraying an alien. Basically, the only way you can approach anything is from your own humanness, and that's where I started with Diane. There is a way she has of weeping, of speaking, of holding herself, that is a little robotlike, because it was all learned rather than developed naturally.

"I have very little background on Diane's family or home world. Whenever something comes up, for instance if a new alien character is introduced, then I do some research. I find out what our relationship was like on the other planet. But in terms of extensive background that has no direct influence on whatever scene I'm doing at a given time, I don't know anything."

Jane admits that the one little bit of her own personality that does creep in to her portrayal of Diane is the frustration and anger that grows inside anybody, and especially inside somebody trying to make their way in the rejection-heavy acting business. "The things you have to do build up and there is a lot of anger in all of us at some of the injustices. So I use that drive. Not that I went to destroy; I just take it and exaggerate it."

Sounds positively therapeutic to us. And it must be, since Jane fairly exudes happiness and enthusiasm about appearing on *V*. "I feel great about the show. Why shouldn't I? It has wonderful production values and provides me with the most fun I've ever had. I love it!"

For such success and satisfaction, growing a few scales seems like a small price to pay.



THE WRITHE **STUFF** IT WILL GROW ON YOU

BY BOB STRAUSS

Most mundenes think writing for **MONSTERLAND** is nonstop glomour, one long, neverending joyride thru the world's most exotic locales, from winter skiing in the Transylvanian Alps to radiation-rich sunbathing on the shores of Bikini Atoll. Hotnobbing with the rich, the famous and the undead, mentioning your personal friendship with the likes of Drecule and Kong whenever you find yourself eltercating

with a disagreeable appliance repelmen, never wanting for a date on Halloween; yes, the **MONSTERLAND** lifestyle is undeniably one of the most exciting on Earth...and sometimes beneath it.

But there is a secret world that exists behind all the glitz and glitter. I mean, we have to elt down end write thass articles sometimes, and it throws a real damper on things when you start typing in the middle of a weke or sarcophagus opening or other such festive event.

I prefer to do my writing in the wee hours of the morning, when the house

is dark and everyone, except for an occasional interview subject, is sleeping. It is the time when I'm free from the everyday distractions, when, well, when I usually get pretty hungry.

"What foodie these morsels be?"—

Shockapeer

Yes, I'll confess. It's the simple pleasure of feeding my stomach that really gats me thru these late night deadlines. If it weren't for food teking my mind off work, I'd go completely, rubber-walled whacko writing about these ambulatory evocados and canibalistic bubblegum creatures from outer space all the time. But, thank-



Top: Claire Petrie and Abe Vigoda ask "Where's the Stuff?" Left: Michael Moriarty, director Larry Cohen and Andrea Marcovici. Right: Gerritt Morrie as cookie king Chocolate Chip Charlie. Bottom: Paul Sorvino and his paramilitary cadets are hungry too.



fully, my wife keeps the refrigerator well-stocked, and she has a great imagination. She always manages to find something new and tasty to help me get thru the night.

IN THE PINK

Tonight she really outdid herself. I don't know exactly what this stuff is but it comes in a pink and white carton and looks and tastes kind of like vanilla ice cream. Only better. I can't put the flavor into words but it's completely wonderful. Like no dessert I've ever had before. It even kind of tickles as it slides down your throat, as if it's skittering toward your stomach on its own little feet. Mmm. Just describing it makes me want more. Think I will. Why not? It says right here on the side of the carton, all natural and completely calorie-free.

I SCREAM COHEN

Mmmm-boy! That was great. Finished the whole batch. Now, let's see here, production notes. What's this movie I'm writing about? Called *The Stuff*. Ah, written, produced and directed by Larry Cohen. A good guy. Lesttime out he gave us *Q: The Winged Serpent* and he's also responsible for the *It's Alive!* films, those about the deadly baby.

What else? The movie stars Michael

Moriarty (He was also in *Q*). Andree Marcovicci, Gerrett Morris and Paul Sorvino. (Gee, I'm still kind of hungry. Wish I had some more of that deeeet.) Anyway, about this film. A new taste sensation sweeps the country. It's called *The Stuff* and it's all natural and calorie-free. (Sounds vaguely familiar.)

Anyway, Moriarty plays an industrial spy hired by ice cream cohorts to find out exactly how this *Stuff* is manufactured. Umpl (Excuse me. Must've been something I ate.) Back to Moriarty: He soon learns *The Stuff* isn't manufactured at all. It's siphoned up from beneath the Earth, where it occurs naturally, end...what's this? It's intelligent and can move by itself?

The more you eat of this *Stuff*, it says here, the more you want. It addicts you, then takes over your mind, turns you into a walking zombie under its control. When it's finished using your body, it...I can't believe this! It crawls back up your throat, distorts your mouth to approximately menhole size, emerges and then slips away across the floor, leaving you sugar free and, unfortunately, in the process, life free.

STUFF&NONSENSE

Hoo boy. I've heard some preposterous premises before in my

life. Doing this kind of work, in fact, I hear about 10 or 20 a week. Bloorchl (Good grief, pardon my indiscretion. Must be gas or something.) As I was saying, I've come across more than my share of looney tune plot ideas but this one literally takes the eskimo pie! A daeddy deeeet? Daffyville! Who could possibly believe such a wild....

Oh, hi honey. What are you doing up so late? Bringing me a snack. How sweet! What's that? A big, heaping bowlful of that yummy white stuff? How did you know that's just what I wanted? Mmm, gormph slurp munch gorp. Delicious! You have some too! Oh, you've already had 5 gallons tonight? Greet, more for me. Mmmrmph! Ah, that really hits the spot.

So thoughtful of you, honey; have I told you lately how much I love you? C'mere. That's right. Now pucker up. Ok, you can stop puckering now. Groom! Excuse me, must be acid indigestion. I said you can stop puckering now, dear. Dear? Dear! No! Get away from me! Get those lips away from me! My God! What's that coming out of your mouth? My...burble blorp blech wrasseagh....

(Editor's Note: You have just read a shaggy cornucopia story.)





BLOOD FEAST IN DRACULAND ELVIRA DAY!

"HERE'S blood in your eye!"

And 300 glasses were raised on high to toast the voluptuous Elvira, known as the Mighty Mistress of the Dark, hostess of tv horror shows syndicated to 30 stations throughout the nation. Was the carmine liquid that filled the goblets tomato juice? cranberry soda? or—V-8 (Vampire Eight, the favorite hemoglobin drink of all true Transylvanians, as in "I could have fanged a V-8.")?

Next to me Blacula (William Marshall) drained his glass and smacked his lips.

At a table nearby Richard Lynch, of the tv(Transylvanian Vampira) telefilm of several seasons ago, Vampire, regarded Elvira's golden globes with a gleam in his eye.

And Dr. Donald A. Raad—well, he was in his element (type O), for the occasion was the 23rd Annual Count



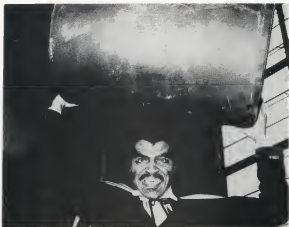
Dr. Akula Himself in apparel once owned by Public Vampire Number One (Bela Lugosi, who also's announced the birth of MONSTERLAND to his blood brothers (and sanguine sisters) at Blood Bath of the Count Dracula Society.

STAND UP AND HOWL!



THE
BOYS
NIGHT
TO
HOWL!





Blacula ordered a "steak tartare" and they gave it to him well done! She was both beauty and the beast in *Meusoleum*, beauty Bobbie Breese's introductory role as a mob star. Plus Elvira herself, (live!) and in person.



Dracula Society Banquet, he being the founder & leader of the Internationelly (emphasis on the gnessh) (In)famous organization.

Even Involved was Tom Bradley, the Mayor of Los Angeles (known to the inner circle as Lugos Angeles), for he had issued a proclamation designating it Elvira Day. Elvira is the ghost Hostess with the Mostest whose weekly roasts of monstrous movies are ygorly ewelited every Satyrday. Elvira excels in whet might be termed R-rated commentaries—R for risqué. At the risk of shocking some of our sexegenarian readers, just let me say in passing that if Dolly Parton appeared on the same boob tube with Elvira, she'd look like Boy George by comparison. Elvira says she never goes to drive-in theaters because they're "just outdoor movie houses with wall-to-wall carpetting." She might mimic Bela Lugosi quoting Stephen King: "Listen to them,

children of the corn! What popping they make!" Elvira was in good form this evening, but then what evening isn't she in good form?

Thespian William Blacula Marshall brought down the house as he recited a dramatic sequence from Shockspeer's "Thirteenth Night", the little-known sequel to "Twelfth Night".

Ed Ansara in his magnificent Trensylvanian burytone reprised some haunting numbers from Ghoul Porter's *Night & Night* (the play featuring the vampires' National Anthem). As an encore he rendered (with both fangs) "On the Moony Side of the Street".

Beauteous Bobbie Breese, star of *Meusoleum*, made some appropriately cryptic remarks. She said Christopher Lee was her favorite Dracula because "the sun never sets on the British vampire".

Conspicuous by their absence were Lon Chaney Jr., Henry Hull, Oliver

Reed, Joe Dante, John Landis & Michael Jackson. Since the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Menimals was premiering its new play that night, *If I Were Wolf*, it was decided it was probably the boys' night to howl.

The entertainment was outstanding, the smorgasblood fit for a king (of the undead) and to the credit of the Society's leader, Dr. Donald Reed, when presented with the bill he didn't bat an eyelash.

FRANKENWEENIE

**THE DOG-GONEDEST
FRANKENSTEIN
EVER!**

BY JAMES VAN HISE

Lumbering down the years, probably no single character has been used, abused and paid tribute to as much as Mary Shelley's creation of thunder and wonder, *Frankenstein*. But now another new twist has been added, and at the hands of an up-and-coming young maverick director. The story has been transplanted to the modern realm once more but with an unusual difference. Victor Frankenstein is an 11-year-old boy and he desperately wants his beloved dog to live again. And thereby hangs a tale (or tale, as the wag said, depending how you look at it).

TEENIE WEENIE

Thirty minutes short, *Frankenweenie* is a modern oddity in many respects. With the short film now largely the province of film school students, it's more than just a little unusual for a major studio (in this case Walt Disney Productions) to fund a black & white short to the tune of a reported \$1.2 million. But then Tim Burton isn't your usual director.

Steeped in the lore of old horror and SF films, Burton previously produced the 7 minute short, *Vincent*. A black &





A dog-biscuit-shaped tombstone for a lost boy's best friend. The demise of Sparky is actually the beginning of his story rather than the end.

white stop-motion animation delight, it told the story of a young boy who idolized Vincent Price and fantasized that he was much like him. A visual fest resembling a warped idea of what a puppetoon might be like as seen thru the eyes of Charles Addams or Gahan Wilson, it was a unique blend of idea and design, incorporating visuals conceived by Tim Burton himself. Burton is also a very talented cartoonist and could well have become this generation's Charles Addams had not the siren call of light and sound lured him into writing and directing short films. The capper of *Vincent* is that it's narrated by Vincent Price, one of the rare instances in which the honoree is able to participate in the homage.

BEACHING SCI-FI

Before professional work such as directing a *Fairy Tale Theatre* for Shelley Duvall, he made offbeat amateur films such as his own version of a Mexican horror movie and a full-on beach sci-fi film called *Lueu*. Rich Heinrichs, the producer of *Franken-*

weenie, described Tim Burton's early efforts as "putting you a little bit in mind of early Woody Allen—not the sense of humor so much as the quality of an evolving talent."

Vincent had a limited screening a couple years ago, won Best Short Film at the 1983 Los Angeles Film Expo and received praise at other film festivals here and abroad.

IT LIVES AGAIN

What they have done is retell the myth in a modern setting complete with a successful emotional subtext. Tim explained, "In most versions of *Frankenstein* they portray it from the more horrible aspect—bringing the dead body back to life. But when I see the original *Frankenstein*, it's such an emotional story that I don't think of it as being horrible at all. *Frankenweenie* doesn't come so much from *Frankenstein* as it does from just a story of a boy and his dog. The first time a boy has a dog, that's really his first intense relationship. I just thought that lent itself well to the *Frankenstein* story;

bringing his dog back to life because he loves it so much. It comes from that idea as opposed to the horror-oriented approach."

"*Frankenweenie* is the dog," Heinrichs added. "The dog's name is Sparky, and *Frankenweenie* came up as a kind of a catch phrase that kids would make up. It started as a dachshund and that's where the *weenie* came from. We found that kids love the name, it's like a secret code word, and so we just decided to keep it. The dog we actually used is a bull terrier. They're bred for fighting but they're actually very sweet. They're just like hog babies and they don't make dog noises—they oink and moo and have very stiff legs. When you pick them up they're like cows. It's a perfect dog to be a monster, plus we made it even more monstrous looking." The dog looks to be a crazy-quilt of large, crude-looking hand-sewn stitches. It even has neck electrodes. "It took us awhile to get that look. Our makeup man, Bob Shiffer, has really been wonderful."



The young hero of *Frankenweenie* also played a major part in *The Neverending Story* as actor Barrett Oliver took the role of Bastien. Victor Frankenstein's mother (Shelley Duvall of *The Shining*) and Paul Bartel also play important parts in the story.



Frankenweenie tells the story of a little boy named Victor Frankenstein (played by Barrett Oliver who played Bastien in *The Neverending Story*). When his beloved dog is struck by a car and killed, Victor is inconsolable until he gets an idea from his science teacher (director Paul Deethreace 2000 Bartel). From there on it's a sort of tongue-in-cheek parallel to the Frankenstein story.

WHALE OF A HOMAGE

When Sparky is returned to life, the producers were able to obtain the old Kenneth Strickfaden equipment used in the original *Frankenstein* in 1931 and many films thereafter. But for *Frankenweenie* it was modified to look as though it might have possibly been cobbled together by a little boy. An upside-down bicycle was even worked into the electric wonderworks, as well as a toaster and a blender. Victor uses real kites sailing above his house to collect electricity, just as in the Universal classic. The climax takes place in a vacated miniature golf course which includes an old windmill not unlike the climax of the original *Karloff* film. The twist here is that Sparky saves Victor from the fire but at a tragic cost. With visual references like these, its

homage to the style of James Whale is obvious. But Tim Burton shares an additional interest in the visual quality achieved in those films. He loves working in black & white.

"I think that black & white is stronger when it's used right, especially for a story like this which I feel is a strong story. It creates an emotional mood. It helps everything. It makes the visuals stronger. Even the reactions and the looks of the characters become stronger. It also helps make that extra graphic leap that we're trying to do rather than make it a naturalistic-looking film. Plus it covers up the makeup on the dog!"

A SPECIAL SUPPORTING CAST

As already mentioned, Paul Bartel has a cameo as Victor's science teacher. Bartel is of course known as the director of such fare as *Eating Raoul*. Bartel has appeared in films before, including Joe Dante's *Piranha* as a camp instructor. In the role of Victor's father is Daniel Stern. Stern came to prominence in *Blue Thunder* as the doomed friend of Roy Scheider's. More recently he had an excellent role in the offbeat toxic waste spill horror opus, *C.H.U.D.*

Victor's mother is played by Shelley Duvall, who can create strange on-

screen personae better than just about anyone alive. Even her version of Olive Oyle in *Popeye* is a bit bizarre. Fans will remember her as the wife of the insane Jack Torrance in Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining*. In *Frankenweenie* she has a special scene at the close of the film which is a real scream.

Barrett Oliver, who plays young Victor, is a reel up-end-coming young talent. Since appearing in *The Neverending Story*, he's done some tv work (as a dying boy on *Highway to Heaven*) and is currently filming in *Cocoon*, a science fiction thriller being shot in Florida. His talent is of the natural and unspoiled variety, calling to mind the emotional believability of Henry Thomas in *E.T.* Behind-the-scenes he's just an average little boy, playing around in the back of the soundstage or by himself while waiting to be called. But when he's in front of the camera, following the careful direction given him by Tim Burton, Barrett seems to instinctively know just what to reveal of himself in a scene, not underplaying or overplaying. What he would not be believable as would be one of the typical big-mouthed kids portrayed on most tv sitcoms. His performances are more gentle and real than that.



Victor Frankenstein prepares his equipment for surgery in an attempt to bring his beloved pet back to life. An earlier movie featured Boris Karloff as a man brought back to life after death.

"It's a small cast but a good one," stated Rich Hainrichs. "Somebody asked me why we needed to have stars on this and it's not really because they're stars, it's just that they're the right people for the roles and they're great actors."

HUMOR WITH A DARK TWIST

Originally intended to couple with the Christmas '84 rerelease of *Pinochio*, test screenings were run after the film received a PG rating to see if it was appropriate to run with G-rated fare. The test screenings revealed that *Frankenweenie* was a bit too frightening for small children, and particularly their mothers who complained, "You can't show that to 6-year-olds!" Besides the dark humor which smaller children wouldn't really understand, the film deals honestly with the

emotional impact of a child losing his pet, which by itself is a scary idea to children.

But while it was being made, the filmmakers did not anticipate this problem. In fact, they downplayed all the darker aspects of it and were uncomfortable with the story being reframed to as black humor. Rich Hainrichs stated, "My feeling about Tim's work, especially when you see it with an audience, is that it's less dark than people think." When I pointed out that the concept of a little boy digging up his dog from a pet cemetery is pretty dark, Hainrichs responded, "You're right to a degree but we're careful about it and Tim is careful about it. I think that it's easy to label Tim's work as black humor but he's actually much more dimensional than that. There's

that element but there's a lot more too. It's also very warm. I think that as opposed to Gahan Wilson or anybody like that that there's a lot of warmth and joy and wonder that you don't normally associate with black humor."

In giving his view on his own story, Tim Burton explained the approach this way. "As far as how it differs from black humor, I think that there's funny stuff in it but again it's not meant to be horrible at all because it's a touchy situation. The main approach is that we're not making the kid a little monster. He's not a technological genius and he's not a horror fan. He's just a little emotional boy who loves his dog and wants to bring him back to life."

LIFE RETURNS

Rich Hainrichs added, "Frankenweenie has an edge of satire but what



Two versions of the bride of Frankenstein's "monster". This cute poodle is certainly a far cry from the very odd looking women who have held similar roles. The Bride, another movie featuring the creation of the monster and his bride which will see release shortly, features Jennifer Beale in the same part.

we really wanted to come across is totally emotional. We didn't want the kid to be a scientific geek and we've been very careful not to make his parents academics. The catharsis and the revelation come from Victor's love and as opposed to being dark, it's the exact opposite. His love is so great that he figures out a way to bring his dog back to life."

Despite the visual cues to the original Karloff *Frankenstein*, the director was reluctant to label his film a satire. "It's not really a parody at all, in fact the way I wanted to approach it is that this is like the first telling of the Frankenstein story. So everybody's not acting weird when the neighbors hear the name Frankenstein. There's no history to the name in the context of the story—it's

just their name."

BEAVER/CLEAVER: CLEVER!

In explaining his specific approach to the story, Tim Burton said, "I loved the writing on *Leave It to Beaver*. I thought there were some nice insights and real things in that. I thought that the way to portray this was, how would the Cleavers react if they found out that Beaver had brought a dog back to life? It's something that you can't even comprehend! They don't believe it and they try to handle it in sort of a funny way, a reel way and a concerned way. But when you think about it you'd just handle it with disbelief."

But despite their protestations, the story is definitely much wilder and more offbeat than they wanted to let on. Or perhaps they just didn't see as

much strangeness in all of it as an average audience does.

At any rate, this unusual live-action short is a genuine artistic success for director Tim Burton and his many talented collaborators. *Frankenweenie* will receive its jolt on the silver screen some time during 1985, either accompanying the release of *Baby* (the dinosaur pic) or in the summer with *My Science Project*. Whenever its premiere date, *Frankenweenie* will thrill and entertain with its new way of looking at things, courtesy of one of the brightest new talents in the business, Tim Burton. It does Mary Shelley's eternal fantasy proud.

MANNY REEDERS
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STOKERSTOWN, TRANSYLVANIA



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MAIL

THE LETTER
HORRORWOOD
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SCARE
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Send all letters to: The LetterHEAD, 3530 Mound View Ave., Studio City, CA 91604.

MAC IS BACK

'Twas eleven years ago I (printwise) gave you a savare tongue-lashing for so unashamadiy traating Lon Chanay Jr.'s death with a casualness I falt could not go unpunished (ahh, callow, impatuous youth!). You responded in kind by printing my jeremiad in the pagas of your (late, lamentad) FM magazine—

Touche! Yet—can you believe I still hold the grudge?! Egad! Will I now take my ravange? Nah, chill out, Mr. Monstar! All is forgiven. Well...almost all! After deserting FM, The Count Dracula Society, Hour 25 and fantasy in general for well-nigh a decade, I realized "the real world: the normal world" stunk! The only Road To Sanity lay in that flickering nether-ragion of vampiras, warawolves, mummies and monsters: Horror Film!

But...they don't make them like they used to! My Olympian heroes are all long departed: Lugosi, Karloff and the venerable Lon Chanay Jr. The surviving horrormalsters: Lea, Cushing and Price seem to be languishing in semi-retirement. Hammar Films is kaput. Harryhausen's passa, and my last hops for succor and joy; to wit, the "eternal Famous Monsters of Filmiland"; died like Count Dracula baked by the morning sun. Lord, the world doth turn fast but cruel! H.G. Wells, where art thou? Lay that Time Machine on me, baby, but quick!!!

But, I rava.

I'll face the future. Monstar-less. FM-less. Chanay-less (By the way I had the good fortuna to chat with Ron Chaney about his father's unfinished autobio—his brother Lon possesses it, has it nicely collecting dust "somewhere". Oy.) Still, I have my memories, and old issues of FM to see me through. And for that, Mr. Ackerman, I gratefully say, "Thank you!"



Ken Wilcox: "I am glad to see the birth of a magazine that will again give just due to the masters of horror."

MAC

6546 Simpson Ave. 42
N. Hollywood, CA 91606

Cheer up, Big Mac: Happy Days are here again.

Dear 4SJ,

I suspect that the last thing you need is one more fan letter. Particularly one triggered by a book published almost three years ago but you can always file it appropriately. I've written exactly one letter to an author in the last 30 years...this is only my second instance of documented deviant behavior. You only have yourself to blame...you asked for it literally (in your POE SCRIPT.)

Over the years I've developed a personal rating system:

5...Burn book before someone finds out you actually paid for such trash.

4...Not worth the time, money or shelf space to keep so trade it in at our local "2 for 1" bookstore for ANYTHING.

3...Not particularly good but not particularly bad either (probably 70 percent of my purchases.)

2...Keep for the kids to read when they grow up and finally learn to appreciate "Dad's books".

1...Keep forever! Maim anyone who folds a corner. Insist on being buried with 'em (Pipar and Handarson for example.)

Overall I'd give the stories in *Goesh Wow!* (Sense of Wonder) Science Fiction a "2" but your anecdotes, Introductions and "In the Beginning" are all "1" plus. I absolutely love your conversational style and super wit. I just wanted you to know how I felt and hope that I could encourage you to publish future anthologies with many many pages of your personal contributions/anecdotes.

Respectfully,
Vama R. Wairafan
Sunset Ridge Rd.
Ozawie, KS 66070

The purpose in publishing this out-of-FJAM-context letter has not been to boost the editor's ego but to act as a barometer. Inscribed copies of the book described by Mr. Wairafan may be ordered from FJA at 2495 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, CA 90027, for \$5 ppd. The question is: How many of you FJAM readers would like to read an entire book of FJAnecdotes if New Media were to publish it? With many photos.

Thank you for the mockup of the first cover of *MONSTERLAND*. You bat it's a collector's item. If the magazine is as nice looking as the cover, then you're sure to have a winner. It looks very classy and I'm just bursting with anticipation of the first issue's arrival. I hope to be one of your first "Letters to the Editor" after the first issue—so be prepared.

Mark Daughtrey
200 N. Randolph St.
Lexington, VA 24450

If you're as entertaining as editor of *MONSTERLAND* as you were as ameer of the last three Masquarades of the Atlanta Fantasy Fair, you'll be as popular as Clark Gable at a hamsters' convention!

Andy Martin
Chicago, IL

Are you incinerating (that's a hot one!) that I'm a ham?—F-



For many years I couldn't wait to get the newest issue of *Famous Monsters*. But then I want to Germany. But I still have many back issues that I read.

Barbara K. Gibson
El Paso, TX

Well, Barbara, now that you're back in the States you can read *MONSTERLAND* every 5 weeks. And if you ever go back to Germany—or even any of 28 other countries—well, FJAM is distributed all over the world!

THANX, CANADIFANS!

From all Canadian fans: LONG LIFE TO *MONSTERLAND*!

Jean Giroux
3798 Vardon Ave.
Montreal, Q., Canada H4G 1K6

VIDEO CREATURES

A FEW FROM HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS

The popularity of "splatter cinema", inaugurated in recent times by films such as *Friday the 13th* and its clones, has resurrected interest in Herschell Gordon Lewis, the man who "invented" the hard-core gore genre with his 1963 release of *Blood Feast*. Several of Lewis's movies are available on videotape. (Both *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs* were originally released on tape two years ago. When legal questions arose about ownership of the titles, the video versions were withdrawn. Presumably these legal questions have been resolved, and both films are again available for home viewing.)

BLOOD FEAST

Blood Feast, the very first gore film, is in many ways more revolting than some of today's stomach-churners. This may be because Lewis insisted on dwelling on his gore affects, no matter how stagey in appearance, and presenting them from various angles. For example, in the opening few minutes of *Blood Feast*, a young woman is stabbed in the eye. The killer then hacks through her leg with a cleaver. We see him carry the leg off, and then Lewis cuts back to the stump itself, all torn flesh, hanging meat, and protruding bone.

The killer is one Fuad Ramsas, who runs a food catering service by day and worships the Egyptian goddess of blood, Ishtar, by night. Fuad intends to bring Ishtar to life through a ritual which involves serving an Egyptian Feast. The ingredients for the recipe must come from young women, of course, and this plot device allows Lewis's color camera to probe gobs and gobs of gore without apologizing for doing so.

TWO THOUSAND MANIACS!

Minus its gory details, *Blood Feast* is merely an atrocious film, something which Lewis himself acknowledges. Such is not the case with *Two Thousand Maniacs!*, made a year later. In fact, *Maniacs!* actually shows a sense of restraint when it comes to gore, and

the film as a whole is a much better piece of work.

Six vacationing Northerners are made the guests of horror at a mysterious celebration in the little town of Pleasant Valley (population: 2,000), Georgia. Staying at the best (well, actually, the only) hotel in town, they are led one by one to their deaths by the townfolk. Co-stars Thomas Wood and Connie Mason (also the stars of *Blood Feast*, incidentally) survive the slaughter when Wood discovers the secret of Pleasant Valley, an unusual and unexpected twist in the story.

Two Thousand Maniacs! does feature standard Lewis gore, but it's not as violently extensive (or as boring) as *Blood Feast*. In fact, this film is full of light touches and snatches of humor, which succeeds in making *Two Thousand Maniacs!* the most palatable of Lewis's productions.

THE GRUESOME TWOSOME

Though it didn't follow chronologically, *The Gruesome Twosome* is in some ways an extension of *Maniacs!* in that it's more a comedy with gore than an out and out shocker. It does suffer, however, because it was so sloppily made (in three days, and

only because Lewis needed a companion feature to another film in order to supply distributors with a double-bill).

Mrs. Pringia runs two businesses out of her home. She rents rooms to young college students, and also sells wigs from her "Little Wig Shop". Naturally, the young girls who come to rent a room end up supplying the makings for Mrs. Pringia's wigs. Rodney, her idiot son who lives in the basement, provides the means by which the girls are dispatched.

For gore fans, the highlight of *The Gruesome Twosome* will undoubtedly be the film's opening sequence, which is sickeningly disturbing—exactly what Herschell Lewis intended it to be. For lovers of bad cinema, there's the rest of the picture, which is full of unintentional humor, abrupt dropouts of location sound, corny dialog and one of the worst rock-&-roll bands I've ever seen or heard in my life. Let's hope Rhino Records doesn't release a soundtrack album from this one, as they did with *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs!*

a look at herschell gordon lewis

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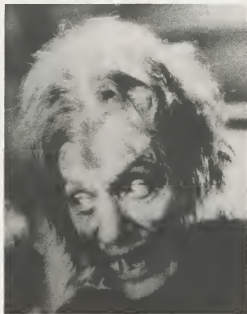
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THE BORST AND THE WORST REVIEWED BY RONALD BORST



Keep Watching the Skies! (McFarland & Company; 467 pp.; hard cover; \$39.95)

Bill Warren's *Keep Watching the Skies!*, an affectionately written and superbly researched (along with assistant Bill Thomas) history of every science fiction film released in this country from 1950-57, is easily the best damned book ever written on the subject. From his introduction, Warren sets the tone of his entire book by stating that it's an intensely personal work because his attitude toward these movies "is intensely personal". Bill says it best himself when he goes on to explain that his book "is not a history; it's not a survey; it's a personal report" which means the author doesn't simply summarize what the films are about (in about the best summaries of these films you're going to find anywhere) but reveals his memories of the time when he saw the movies for the first time and how he reacted to them. It's Warren's love for these pictures—both the love he had then, as well as the love that he's maintained for them thru all the years till now—that really makes this book the literary gem it is.

Warren combines this fannish love with scholarly looks at each film, examining the films' origins, prior versions if any, pre-production, production and post-production details, along with contemporary reviews, any legal actions involved with the filming, and of course giving us his feelings and opinions on each picture. You may not agree with Bill (a very strong and opinionated critic) in every case, but you'll respect his opinions because they're always well presented. For myself, I felt that Bill failed to appreciate the unintentional humor these films hold for many of us today. Films which may have disappointed us when we were kids (like *Robot Monster*, *Attack of the 50-Foot Woman* or *Plan 9 From Outer Space*) have emerged as far more watchable fare than many more serious counterparts. While Warren

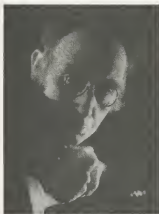


and I share a contempt for books such as *The 50 Worst Films of All Time*, Bill seems to find no humor in a film such as *Mesa of the Lost Women*, a brilliant film of unintentional yocka which is far more appealing than a seriously played film such as *Spaceways*. Similarly, I find untenable opinions such as actor Kent Taylor's performance in *The Phantom from 10,000 Leagues* (an almost unwatchable film except for possibly(?) the unplanned laughs) being "as always...smooth and professional", when it appears that he's doing little more than walking thru a film he must have considered absolute trash at the bottom of a long career. I also wished that Bill would have provided footnotes on much of the information he reveals. But perhaps this is nitpicking for it all comes back to one important point: I can't think of anyone who could have done such an entertaining and

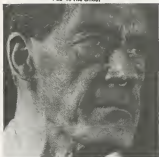
thorough job as Bill Warren has done here.

This book features only a few dozen illustrations (the expected photos, plus some hilarious caricatures of the monsters featured in each year covered—i.e., for the chapter on 1957, a drawing of "The Giant Claw" feeding a "Giant Scorpion" to a just-hatched "Rodan" while a most unhappy "Crab Monster" awaits his turn as the second course—expertly rendered by artist Marc Schimmelster) and is priced at an unbelievably high \$39.95. But when you consider that some of these science fiction picture-book histories offer the same old information and photos at half the price when a dozen of them wouldn't be worth what Warren's book gives us, the tab isn't that unfair. This is one book that, if you have any interest in the subject, you'll be picking up to read again and again. I know because I have.

MANY HARPY RETURNS



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Feb. 19 *The Ghoul*



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Feb. 5 *Living Legend*



HELEN CHANDLER
Feb. 1 *Lugosi's Dracula*

Although Lon Chaney Jr., Helen Dracula Chandler, Buster Crabbe, Lionel Atwill, Onslow Stevens, David Old Dracula Niven and Sir Cedric Hardwicke have all passed on to Prince Sirki's domain, others remain and **MONSTERLAND** can forward cards of congratulation for readers who care to help John Carradine, Richard Matheson and/or William F. Temple celebrate their natal days. Address your cards to any of the latter three via Bert "Happy" Daiz, 2495 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, CA 90027. And if any reader knows an address for Jack Palance, Tony Randall or Turhan Bey, we would greatly appreciate having it so next year we can include them in the forwardings.



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HORROR SPOOF TAKES A BATH AT

BY STEPHEN JONES

the House of Death

Vincent Price is one of the screen's most respected purveyors of peril and his annual forays into filmic horror have become a special treat for movie audiences the world over.

His 1982 film, *House of the Long Shadows*, re-united him with fellow veteran scream actors Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing and John Carradine in a superb recreation of the British Gothic horror film tradition. Sadly, however, the movie received a limited distribution (despite winning a couple of European awards) and it is therefore doubly disappointing that Price's latest screen appearance should be nothing more than a cameo role in a tasteless British "adult" horror farce.

MONK-Y BUSINESS

Bloodbath at the House of Death opens with a flashback to 1975. The setting is Headstone Manor, a remote Gothic pile in the middle of nowhere. One dark night eighteen people are gruesomely killed by a band of murderous monks. The police are baffled by the carnage and the local villagers whisper among themselves, spreading vague rumours of alien creatures and ancient curses. The Manor stands empty for eight years....

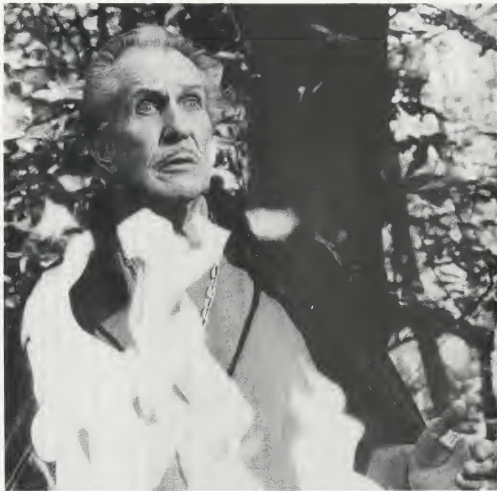
Now strange traces of radioactivity have been recorded in the vicinity of the dilapidated building and a team of top international scientists is dispatched to investigate the Manor's paranormal reputation and discover the source of the mysterious radioactive readings.

The team is led by Dr. Lucas Mandeville (played by Kenny Everett), a slightly crazy scientist with a somewhat suspect German accent and a limp. He is accompanied by his strait-faced assistant Dr. Barbara Coyle (Pamela Stephenson). On their journey to Headstone Manor they stop their car at a country pub to ask directions.

The locals obviously do not take kindly to strangers but they regale the two scientists with the legends and folklore surrounding the Manor and its multiple murders.



While a wild owl screeches, Vincent Price preaches to dark disciples



Price worms up to his subject in *Bloodbath*.

Lucas and Barbara decide to quickly resume their journey when they happen to notice a peculiar triangular emblem on the wall of the pub and the same emblem tattooed on the bodies of the villagers.

Pausing in their trip to answer nature's call in the woods, the intrepid couple discover the barmaid from the pub they have just left—hanging upside down from a tree! It is obviously a ritual killing.

Lucas and Barbara finally arrive at the supposedly-haunted Manor and immediately telephone the police to report the body in the woods. They are quickly joined by their fellow researchers—a par-

ticularly odd group of misfits: Shelia (Shelia Steafel), who keeps a naughty secret in her suitcase; John (John Fortune), a man coming apart under pressure; two very close friends, Elliot (Gareth Hunt) and Stephen (Don Warrington); and a pair of innocents: Deborah (Cleo Rocos) and Henry (John Stephen Hill). Once assembled, the eight scientists begin setting up their battery of research equipment.

Meanwhile, in the cellar of the local pub, the barmaid has risen from the dead and become the handmaiden of the Sinister Man (Vincent Price, who else?). It is the Night of Blood when magic & science will

combine to expedite the return of the mysterious Master.

Strange powers are at work in the house: Barbara succumbs to the advances of a particularly amorous poltergeist and the supernatural once again holds sway over Headstone Manor.

TO THE MANOR BORN

During a Black Magic ritual in the woods, the Sinister Man and his cowed cronies create perfect replicas of the eight scientists and, in the Manor, history repeats itself and a second wave of terror begins: One by one the dastardly Doppelgangers kill off their human counterparts and take



The Price of Flame In The House of Death.



Three earlier versions—1927, 1939 and one from the '70s.



their places until it is impossible for the survivors to differentiate between friend and foe....

The movie marks the feature film debut of anarchic British disc jockey and television personality Kenny Everett.

During the early 1960s, Thom EMI released an animated short in British movie theatres, *Kremmen the Movie*, in which the adventures of Everett's science fiction superhero, Captain Kremmen, made the transition from television and radio to the big screen.

Everett had often expressed a personal interest in fantasy and science fiction subjects so it seemed an obvious choice that his first full-length feature would be in the "old dark house" tradition of *The Cat and the Canary* and the modern horrors of *Pollergest*. It was Everett who specifically

requested Vincent Price as his co-star.

PRICELESS

Vincent Price's brief cameo appearance as the testy leader of the Satanic Cult reduces the fine actor to mouthing a string of "hilarious" obscenities and expletives. It's to the actor's credit that when even reduced to demeaning his talents in the short screen time allotted to him, he is able to give a performance that rises above such ignominies. However, the other performers are neither so lucky nor so talented and the film relies on smutty schoolboy humour and crude pastiches of classic genre films to raise a feeble laugh.

Most of the blame for this depressing debacle can be levelled at Canadian-born Ray Cameron, who co-wrote, produced and directed the film. A seasoned television director, Cameron's tedious direction

smothers any attempts at wit or imagination. The dismally unfunny script (a collaboration between Cameron and the usually superior Barry Cryer, who has a small role early on as a perplexed police inspector) fails on almost all levels and is certainly not helped by the clumsy and unatmospheric photography.

Bloodbath at the House of Death was released theatrically to average returns in Britain and, understandably, goes directly to video in America. Best quickly forgotten, the film is only worth catching for John Sunderland's inventive set designs and the cameo of Vincent Price—the latter once again proving himself a star in the face of overwhelming adversity.

CATACOMB



BY RON MAGID

Welcome to the murky catacombs of the Halloween Society. Permit me to guide you into the forbidding yet fascinating world of masks and the art of makeup. Thru the medium of the printed word we shall delve into the dark past, unearthing tales of those great artists, long unsung, whose creations will live forever, as long as light and shadow flicker across a silver screen.

There is a popular myth regarding masks: they appear in stores about mid-September and vanish conveniently from shelves about late October, in time to make way for Thanksgiving decorations, no doubt. Actually, nothing could be further from the truth, since a magazine like this and many stores sell masks year round. Why? Because collecting these decorative latex likenesses is one of the fastest-growing hobbies in all of Fandom. There are literally thousands of ravenous connoisseurs out there—and our ranks swell daily. Even more remarkable is the fact that collector's prices are being paid for rubber masks that were once considered worthless. The Bela Lugosi Dracula mask manufactured by Don Post Studios in the early 1960s now commands figures of \$500 and up!

Above left: Reader Joe Reader's fabulous mask of Fredric March as Mr. Hyde, pride of The Halloween Society.

Above: Dante Rente with remarkable rendition of Paul Wegener as the Immortal Golem.

Below: Left to right, Ron Magid of The Halloween Society, Editor Ackerman, Guest of Honor Lon Chaney Sr. and London After Midnight Mask-Maker Paul Clemens, star of The Beast Within.

Opposite page: The late Don Post Sr., Master of Mask Makers, with one of his simian creations, Simba.





THE GHOULDEN AGE OF MASKS

This brings us conveniently to the topic of this month's column: Don Post Studios. Critics often speak of a Golden Age of horror films—many do not realize that the field of mask-manufacturing also enjoyed such a Golden Age, and that the two were, in fact, related. From 1964 to 1977, Don Post Studios recreated the finest monsters from the classic Universal films as famous rubber masks. In addition to the coveted Lugosi Dracula, the line also featured such memorable monsters as Frankenstein portrayed by both Boris Karloff and Glenn Strange (the Strange Frankenstein was created from his life-cast), two different

versions of Lon Chaney Jr.'s Wolf Man, three different sculptures of Boris Karloff as Mr. Hyde (one of which was from the original movie mold), two versions of Chaney Sr.'s Phantom of the Opera, Karloff as Mad Doctor Neimann from *House of Frankenstein*, a Moleman from the original mold used for *The Mole People*, two versions of Chaney Jr. as the Mummy, two Metaluna Mutant sculptures from *This Island Earth*, two versions of the Hunchback of Notre Dame (including one from the original mold used in *Man of a Thousand Faces*) and, last but not least, three sculptures of the Creature from the Black Lagoon (including one from the

original underwater mask-mold). During this Golden Age, Post also made available to collectors a gorilla mask created by Marcel Delgado (of *King Kong* fame), and the original Metaluna Mutant mask, a colossal piece and every mask collector's dream. These masks, without exception, were of the highest quality and of the very best workmanship. Every detail of the film originals was captured in the meticulous sculptures, which were painted in almost psychedelic colors and then covered with fine hair laid by hand. These pieces were truly works of art.

DONNING POST MASKS

Don Post Studios, the first mask company



The current proprietor of The Studios: Don Post Jr.



FJAM's editor examines some Post productions.



Don Post's Most Dangerous Game: Life-Masking the Ackermaster. (Note: Background Life Caste of Peter Lons, top left; Boris Karloff, top right; Lon Chaney Jr., lower left; Glenn Strange, lower right.)

ever, was established in the early 1930s by the legendary Don Post Sr., who began his career manufacturing papier mache masks for local nightclub acts in his native Chicago. Local merchants approached Post about selling his whimsical creations to an eager public, and the hair-raising business was born. Early best-sellers included Donald Duck, John Q. Public and a series of Dictator Masks featuring Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. Post had to discontinue the line when a man disguised as Hitler walked into a swank restaurant and caused one of the patrons to have a heart attack from shock! Post received additional notoriety in 1950 when his "Old Man" masks were used in the most famous armored car robbery, the Brink's Job!

INVASION OF THE PODDY SNATCHERS

After Post's move to California he was hired to create everything from an artificial leg of lamb for Alfred Hitchcock Presents to the pods from the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. He also supplied

materials to Disney for construction of the Giant Squid from *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. Other special projects included a ten-foot-tall King Kong for a Canadian museum, a head of Lugosi adapted from his life cast, and, more recently, the huge masks worn in television commercials for the McDonald's fast food chain.

IN VADER

The license on the Universal monsters lapsed just as another monster of merchandising was stealing center stage: *Star Wars*. Post Studios was quick to capitalize on the extraordinary appeal of Vader, Chewie and C-3PO, and the pyramiding profits enabled the company to relocate from Glendale to a much larger facility in North Hollywood. Post did an excellent job in rendering these classic characters as masks, and their popularity remains undiminished over 7 years later.

Star Wars skyrocketed the public's interest in space opera and aliens and created a demand for all kinds of related novelty items. Inspired by the popularity of the craze, Post marketed licensed goods

from *Star Trek* (pointed ear tips), *Alien* (limited edition Facehugger replicas), *Nostrafatu* (Kinski's likeness) and will soon be manufacturing *Dune* masks once that film is released! Most recently, Post released latex replicas of Rick Baker's Nazi Werewolves from *An American Werewolf in London*, various creatures from *Gremlins* and aliens from *The Last Starfighter*.

THE GHOST OF POST

Though Don Post Sr. has passed on, his son, Don Post Jr., still runs the company, and, with the acquisition of rights to E.T. and various upcoming fantasy personalities, it looks like the business is in great shape and will be making masks that collectors will cherish for generations to come.

(Note: Ron Magid would like to hear from all you mask and makeup fans out there. Please send your comments and any suggestions for this column to him c/o MONSTERLAND.)

GUESS AGAIN

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS FORGOTTEN FILM?

Frankly, this picture has your editor puzzled.
It is identified as a "Bud" Pollard Production.
An Imperial Picture.
With Boeke Carter.

And it would seem to be in the genre of the pacifistic fantasy, the twice-made *J'Accuse!* (*J'Accuse!*).

There is no record of it in Walt Lee's monumental *Reference Guide to Fantastic Films* (circa 25,000 titles), neither the first nor second volume of Don Willis' jam-packed *Horror and Science Fiction Films*, the esoteric *Forgotten Horrors* of Turner & Price nor the mundane *Bea* book, *The Film Buff's Checklist of Motion Pictures* (1912-1979) with 19,000 mundane (and fantastic) movies recorded.

Yet here this still is, before your very eyes, showing 5 ghostly soldiers.

Well, see what you can do with *ADD ME THE ARCH*. Triumph in re-arranging those letters and you will have the title of this mysterious unknown movie. If anyone can add any information about it, it will be more than welcome and credit will be given. Also cash: a crisp (if we can get one from the bank) \$5 bill or the first piece of substantial information. And the publisher has promised to throw in a complimentary one-year subscription to *MONSTERLAND* TO THE HELPFUL INDIVIDUAL.

Too early for returns from the first issue (identifiers of the mystery film will be identified in the third issue) but the photo was from the far-fetched horror film that reputedly made its author, A. Merrit, weep:

EVEN TOO FAT SANTO SPRINTS translated into SEVEN FOOTPRINTS OF SATAN.



OH STING,

WHERE IS THY DEATH? THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN KNOWS

It was a dark and stormy night. In the fanatical Baron's alchemical laboratory, portions of dismembered corpses seemed to tramble in their formaldehyde jars. Under a sheet on a table in the center of the chamber lay one cadaver that moved nary a muscle—yet!

Actually, it was a hot and sunny day. On the energetic director's well-dressed film set, the camera focused on Sting's portrayal of the much-maligned but well-intentioned Dr. Frankenstein. The good doctor was attempting to create a mate for his monster but little did he know that under the sheet was the lustrous Jennifer Beals—whom he would naturally covet for himself.

Yes, it's time for another Frankenstein movie. This one is *The Bride of Frankenstein*, the 1935 horror classic, *The Bride of Frankenstein*. It will have nothing to do with Mel Brooks' 1974 spoof *Young Frankenstein*. Frankenstein's henchman doesn't even have a hump.

HORRORS! NOT A HORROR FILM?
Director Franc Roddam explains, "This isn't a horror film. Once you get past the first 10 minutes, it isn't even a science movie. If you accept the basic conventions of a movie like *Star Wars*—it becomes a film about people."

Dead people, alive people, parts of people—all sorts are represented. Jenny is actually under the sheet for just a few scenes. The rest of her portrayal of a corpse is handled by a stand-in—or should we say, lie-in.

That's understandable, for the scene being shot involves holding her up to the laboratory roof, the better to receive the full jolt of, as the late Kenneth Strickfaden would have put it,

Edison medicine. Life-giving electricity.

The doctor and his cohort, played by Quentin Crisp, enter the room. The gas feeding the "torches" is turned on and so is the machine that makes the sound of a downpour on the castle roof.

Crisp is a 75-year-old personage who became a media darling after his life as a self-styled "stately homo of England" was depicted on TV in "The Naked Civil Servant". Now an actor instead of a poseur, Crisp makes a sinister approach to the bier on which Beals' stand-in lies.

"My dear Baron," Crisp intones as he examines the corpse, "the innocent face of an unfortunate virgin, 17 years and 6 months at the time of death. Quiet! We must not disturb the child on her wadding night..."

Not to be outdone, Sting checks the gauge on his electricity generator and decides the time is at least auspicious to vivify the undead maiden. He straps her four limbs into a sling-like apparatus and prepares to lift her callowwards by means of a windlass and chains.

Filmmaking is filmmaking and so Sting repeats this action at intervals all day long, while director Roddam maneuvers his camera around the set. Between takes, Roddam explains what he's after:

"Most of the best myths embody elements of other myths. This one combines Shaw's *Pygmalion*, Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* and the original *Frankenstein*. Of the three, this film is least like *Frankenstein*.

"I'm not interested in remakes and *The Bride* isn't one. It takes off from the Mary Shelley book in an entirely different direction from the 1931 film. This film is hyper-realistic and is in no

way a homage to the earlier film.

"A film like this relies on the audience's willing suspension of disbelief. You can lose all credibility if you send it up in any way. That's why doing documentaries and realistic films is useful training doing this kind of film. This is a fairy tale but I'm filming it as if it were *All the President's Men*.

"It's a love story, sure. I'm very interested in love, like everybody who ever lived. In *The Bride* the audience will identify with the monster, whose love at first seems too ambitious. He and his friend, a dwarf, turn out in the end to have the best hearts. 'The meek shall inherit the Earth'."

Roddam is known for his realistic films. So how did this exponent of realism come to make a film about something so fantastic as pseudoscientific resurrection of the dead? *Bride* producer Victor Dal tells the story: "I was interviewing writers, looking for projects. I met Lloyd Fonvielle, who said he wanted to write a woman's story. He pitched me *The Bride*.

FRANKMATION MEETS PYGMELION

"From Fonvielle's idea, I saw the possibility of using the background of *Frankenstein* to tell the story of *Pygmalion*—the story of a man who teaches a woman all she knows, falls in love with her and then finds out she won't have him."

Dal, a tall, dark Frenchman initially wanted Stanley Kubrick to direct *The Bride*, he recalls.

"Kubrick was certainly my first choice but it's very hard to find subjects for him. Fonvielle and Franc Roddam are good friends, so Franc read the script. When he fell in love with it, I dropped the idea of Kubrick.

"Then the problems started. Everyone





liked the script but I couldn't get a 'yes' from anybody. But I didn't get a 'no' either. Everyone wanted to know what kind of tone the picture would have. I kept saying, 'It's just a love story.' For the studios, anything to do with Frankenstein had to be either a horror movie or a comedy."

Eventually Cumberbund agreed to back the film's \$12 million figure—a cost increased somewhat by bad weather during location shooting in France and by a two-week cessation of filming because of a makeup-caused infection on the face of the actor who plays the monster, Clancy Brown.

A MAN OF PARTS

Sting became the star of *The Bride* by a circuitous route. He was originally contacted to play a smaller part. Frankenstein isn't generally thought of as a young man but in fact Mary Shelley wrote that he was 32, and that's Sting's age, give or take a couple of world tours.

"I see Frankenstein as a heroic scientist battling against the limits of knowledge," says the young singer-turned-actor, sitting during a break in a period chair just behind the wooden "walls" of his laboratory. "Frankenstein has the potential for good as well as the necessary evil the plot requires. I like all the potentials of the character."

"I also see him as a frustrated widower who creates a woman whom he can control, in order to bridge his loneliness. At the very time he's teaching the woman how to be scientifically detached, his emotional side is being awakened. He creates her to be free and independent women but he wants her to be free enough only to love him."

"The situation is analogous to modern male thinking: we profess to believe in women's liberation only so long as it agrees with our aims. In his moral dilemma he makes the wrong choice and thereby destroys himself."

"In 1816, when Shelley wrote her book, the idea of creating life was a complete fantasy. Today it's a reality,

or nearly so. Equally, the destructive power of science is now a reality. If scientists today make the wrong moral choices, we're all doomed."

Sting has always been the most thoughtful of performers. His education and former profession of schoolteacher show through in every remark. He is candid about his film career and how he has managed to build his peculiar specialty of playing enigmatic villains.

His first film was Rodden's *Quadrophania*, in which he played the Ace Feco, a hero of the Mods who turned out in the end to be no more than a servile bellhop. He then starred in a small British film, *Brimstone and Treacle*. That was a fable about a young man who moves in with a couple whose beautiful daughter has been in a coma for years. He violates her and she thereby returns to consciousness. "My character in that film was demonic, and quite benign," he comments.

In *Dune*, Sting played the treacherous villain, the hero's unwholesome cousin Feyd. As in all good space fantasies, only single combat between good and evil could resolve the plot. But Sting didn't think of Feyd as evil at all. "Feyd is a victim of circumstance and destiny, like everyone else," Sting says. "I have a great deal of sympathy for him."

As for Dr. Frankenstein in *The Bride*, he says, "Playing this part is a good career move for me. I don't really feel comfortable in the kind of roles an established male lead plays. That kind of actor has to look a certain way. I don't think I look or behave the way an established movie star does. So I'm getting in the back door."

"I can't allow myself to think these characters are mean. Your first task as an actor playing a villain is to give yourself a background. Like all the best story-tellers, who always gave everyone a chance to explain themselves, you invent some scenario explaining why the character is like he is and why he does the horrible things he does."



the HOWL of it

IF I WERE WOLF... SYBIL DANNING

BY BOB STRAUSS

Is it true blonds have more fangs? The unequivocal answer to this burning question will be on display for all to see when *The Howling II*, the sequel to Joe Dante's fiendishly fun film expose of modern-day werewolf cults, opens with the beautiful Sybil Danning, the "female Clint Eastwood" of many a space and sword epic, starring as Stirbe, Queen of the Werewolves, the first blond lycanthrope in movie history. Once again, statuesque Sybil will be playing a strong, powerful women-in-control, the screen persona she's projected in films ranging from *Battle Beyond the Stars* and *Hercules* thru *Chained Heat* and *The Seven Magnificent Gladiators*. Only this time Sybil gets to play a complete villainess, and one who gets covered from head to toe in golden fur when properly aroused, to boot. Booty and the beast, as it were.

THE EVIL THAT WOLVES DO

"I enjoy portraying a villainess," Danning says of her first monster film role. "My father was in the army, and I spent most of my youth at the St. of the See Catholic school in New Jersey. After my parochial upbringing, being told what to do and what not to do, when to prey, when to go to bed and when to get up, it's so nice to do everything that's forbidden. I think most kids identify with these characters, too. Children are always being told what to do, and when they go to the movies, they love to watch somebody who does whatever they feel like."

"In any case, for me, whether it's playing the villain or the good girl, the important thing is really putting a lot of strength and enthusiasm behind what your character believes in. It doesn't matter if it's right or wrong, although wrong is more fun!"

The Howling II affords Danning ample opportunity to indulge in scads of wrong fun. Directed by Philippe Mora, the sequel begins where Dante's film left off; with the onscreen, silver bullet slaying of television reporter Karen White (originally portrayed by Dee

Wellcome) as she turns into a werewolf.

At Karen's funeral, her brother Ben (Reb Brown) and co-worker Jenny Templeton (Annie McEnroe) encounter some decidedly strange characters: Ferdie Meyne (the fether fengster from Poland's *a Fearless Vampire Killers*) and Marsha Hunt, who they later learn are wolf-people; and the mysterious Stefan (Christopher Lee), who delivers a dire warning about sinister goings-on in a remote principality of, where else, Transylvania.

Cut to a castle in the Carpathians, where we see that saturnine Stefan couldn't have been more right. In what can only be described as a sacrificial chamber, a coven of witch/werewolves perform an unholy rite. A young, white-robed victim is lowered onto an altar, and approached by a wizened crone wrapped in tattered suede and leather. The hag leans over the girl's face, their lips meet, and the old woman literally sucks the life out of the younger one's body. In place of the ancient witch, stunning Sybil rises from the altar, rejuvenated and ready to take command of her loyal, lunatic subjects. Just in time, too: Jenny, Ben and Stefan are en route to the Balkans, and all three are itching to wipe howlinglam once and for all from the face of the Earth!

STRANGE GRRS IN A STRANGE LAND

Filmed on location in Czechoslovakia, *The Howling II* was one of Danning's happiest filmmaking experiences. "I've lived and worked in Europe often," the star, whose mother is Austrian, explains, "but Czechoslovakia was one of the few countries I hadn't been to. I speak German, and you can get by pretty well with it there so I had no trouble communicating with the people. Prague (birthplace of the Golem and Rossum's Universal Robots) is one of the most beautiful cities in the world and we shot the film in an actual castle that was a two hour drive up winding mountain roads outside the city."

"I loved working there; there's so much more atmosphere in a real location like that than on a constructed set. The authentic atmosphere made getting into the role much more exciting."

As a major part of getting into her role, Danning got into a number of eye-popping costumes, most of which she helped design. "My costumes were done by an Australian, Peter Mitchell," Danning explains, "and I think he must have a little of that *Road Warrior* blood





Clockwise from above left: Sybil Denning as the rejuvenated Queen of the Werewolves; Queen Strife with two of her favorite activities, played by Wenche Hunt and Judi Oren; Fearless werewolf-killer Fred Brown and Christopher Lee, just ready to do bad. Oren & Lee is still a kias, even without fangs for the memories; Dinner for six.



in him." Sybil's second costume, a kind of action/combat suit that she dons after her transformation from the old hag, looks indeed like something out of *Mad Max*, or perhaps more accurately, *Mad Max* meets *The Seven Samurai*. But first things first.

"The first costume, which has kind of a Sybil-Denning-as-Tina-Turner look, was more or less my total idea. Peter's original design was a little too elegant for my taste, too much into the Greek kind of look, over one shoulder. Even though Strife is a queen, she is still Queen of the Werewolves, and therefore I wanted her clothes at all times to have not only a majestic but an animalistic look to them. That's why I wanted her first appearance to be in this torn, simple suede dress. There is no jewelry. It's pure, just the body and these skins.

"The second costume, the warrior suit, was something I had been looking in the direction of, but I didn't know exactly how to articulate. When Peter showed me his drawings, I knew he'd done it. He really came up with something spectacular."

Spectacular, yes. But comfortable to wear? "I remember back during *Battle Beyond the Stars* my costumes were not pleasant, especially the one that had metal breast-plates shaped like fingers. It was made out of a styrofoam-like material, part of it went around my hips, and I wasn't allowed to sit down because it broke very easily.

"But that wasn't as unpleasant as my Howling warrior outfit. It was made out of leather, on top of which were long plates of brass that were tacked on with little nails. The ends of the nails poked thru the leather, and they were sharp!"

Danning's third major costume, a striking, deep effair that evokes memories of both *Dracula* and *Derth Vader*, was worn during her climactic confrontation with Christopher Lee. Happily, wearing it was less painful than donning the warrior suit. But even that Austriellen aberration was a picnic compared to what Sybil's sensitive skin suffered the night she turned into the film's fiendish furbearer.

HAIR RAID

"I spent 8 hours standing up," Danning recalls, "while they glued hair, starting at my feet, over every inch of my body, at the rate of 10 to 20 hairs at a time. It wasn't a costume you could just get into, in fact it wasn't a costume at all. And they (the makeup artists)

Steve Johnson, who recently supplied a number of the spooks for *Ghoulabusters*, Jack Bricker and Scott Wheeler) weren't gluing it to a body stocking, either. That was my skin!"

The makeup crew had no complaints about the job. But for Sybil it was a slightly different matter. "I'm telling you, going from the legs up, that glue becomes like a coating of film on your skin. It's like having a cellophane bag tied tightly around you. They used little brushes to stroke the glue on, and then applied each strand of hair. It felt ok while I was standing up, but the moment I tried sitting after 8 hours of this, I could see my skin underneath turning dark red. The glue dries very quickly. Because of the tension it creates, I felt like my skin was tearing.

"This was very painful. It wasn't until 5 or 6 hours after it had been applied that I could move my limbs properly, my body just felt so stiff. The moment when I got all of that hair off—and the removal process took about an hour—felt great. This too was a painful procedure: the oil and tonic mixture they used to take it off were quite harsh and I have very sensitive skin. I had bits and pieces of hair stuck to me for a few days afterward."

In Danning's transformation sequence all but Sybil's face goes furry. Appendages were added to her forehead and eyebrows, bringing them forward onto her nose, and of course her teeth were extended.

"This is the only scene in the film in which I transform, so thankfully I only had to go thru this hair application business once. But I think the sequences has quite an effect."

OF FRIENDS & FIENDS

Except for the glue and that costume with the nails, Sybil found very little to complain about and much to praise. Director Mora is one recipient of her admiration.

"Philippe was wonderful to work with because he knew exactly what he wanted to do, yet at the same time he was very open to suggestions. Chris Lee, with a little help from me, actually worked out the ending that's used in the picture. It's completely different from the one that was in the script. Philippe saw our point of view and accepted our ideas, which I think was terrific.

"He's also great at creating atmosphere. His eye for seeing where to put smoke, candlelight and fire on a set, as well as his ability to blend all of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

THE LAD OF

1000 FACES

A FAMOUS FILMONSTER MAKER OF THE FUTURE?



Whether as the Phantom of the Opera, The Frankenstein Monster or just as himself with his pet Peggy who "is also without makeup, and appears this way 24 hours a day—as far as we know!" he has a good time with horror.





Here David Mezz poses as Erik, The Phenomenon of the Opera, The Frankenstein Monster and as The Werewolf of Los Angeles!



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

"Like you, Mr. Ackerman," David's father told me, "I was introduced to screen monsters at an early age and have never lost my interest in them. I have been infatuated with horror movies for more than 25 years." Then Dad filled me in on David:

"David has loved movie monsters from the time he was old enough for me to take him (albeit with some trepidation) to see Disney's *Fantasia*—during which he was mesmerized not by Mickey Mouse but by the Demon atop Bald Mountain. Naturally, having Mark Siegel as his godfather and Robert Zraick as a friend couldn't help but contribute to David's love of horror films virtually since he was a toddler—to my own delight. Mark and Robert conceived and designed the various makeups depicted. For each role, David threw himself into the character with dedication, enthusiasm and real discipline. As we mentioned to you when we visited, plans for Halloween haven't been finalized yet, but whatever David decides on he'd better be good—his classmates and teachers expect him to top himself every year! You will, I hope, forgive my paternal pride when I say that I have every confidence that he will. Needless to say, David is thrilled with the prospect of being featured in an issue of your new magazine."

FJAM looks forward to watching David grow up year by year with his makeups, and to share them with you.

All Hall, a Mon-star of Tomorrow!

DAVID MEZZ.

Remember the name.

You saw it first in **MONSTERLAND**.

Just as, in the 50s, 60s and 70s, readers of my former filmonsterzine saw names like Chris (*The Beast of Haunted Cave*) Robinson, Paul (*The Beast Within*) Clemens, makeup artists Mario Chiodo, Rick Baker Monster Maker, John (Schlock: *The Banana Monster*), Landis and many others for the first time.

MEZZMERIZED!

As frequently as possible, when I'm in town and not too busy, I have an Open House (for those who dare enter Grislyland) or Setyr Day afternoons. (If you ever want to visit, just dial **MOON FAN** and ask for the Ackemonster, to make an appointment.)

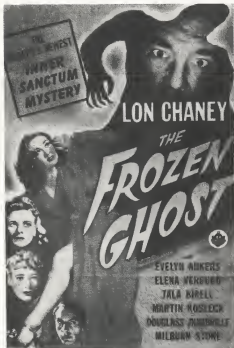
I never know who's going to show up—someone like Dante Renta with a fabulous bust to show me of Paul Wegener as *The Golem*... three Japanese girl fans from Godzilland... a delegation of fans from Fan Diego... a mother, dad and son from clear across the continent—possibly from Canada... Juan & Maria Camacho from Mexico... a teacher with some young school children... Like I said, I never know what surprises the day holds for me.

Recently a real thrill was a visit from a father, Jon Mezz, with his young son David. David is eight—the age I was when I was first amazed by those 49 dinosaurs built by Marcel Delgado and animated by Willis O'Brien in the silent classic, *The Lost World*.



MONSTERAMA

In my Ancara Archives in the Vault of Transylvastia are many new titles waiting to see the light of night. See them now—by candlelight to enhance your fright! If there is some particular picture you would like to see, convince me by postcardgraph at 2485 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, CA 90027, and I'll see what I can do about obliging you.—Kefau Torgoel



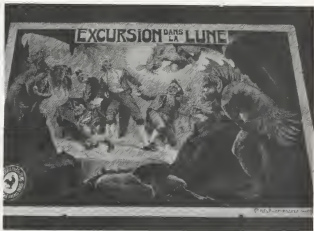
From 1944, one of the lesser-known films of the son of The Phantom of the Opera, Lon Chaney Jr., nee Creighton. (For Ricky Schwartz.) And the latest incarnation of The Phantom of the Opera, the terrorvision version filmed in Hungary. Jane Somewhere in Time Seymour regards the Face from Hell of Maximillian Schell. (For Ion Hobana.) And speaking of Hell, here's a real Devil from the Silent Days and the '20s' picturization of Dante's Inferno. (For Joe Dante—who or else?)



Sinister Sidney Greenstreet. O, errant Horrorwood, why didn't you cast him as His Satanic Majesty when you could in *Seven Footprints to Satan*? (For A. Merritt and Amy Martin.) Two memorable faces from *Goke, the Body Snatcher* from Heli. (For Sylvia Hirahara and Erica Shlmizu.)



The original of this *Lunar Excursion* poster is to be seen in the Cinematheque in Paris. Don't miss it if you're ever there! (For Georges Gallet. Foto by Sig Wahrman.)





"Robert Bloch (seen at left) is a real gentleman." King's comment on the Acknowledgment could not be repeated as this is a G-rated "G" for ghastly magazine. Far left, Douglas Wright, creator of the International Society of Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy, thru whose courtesy this photo appears.



"I remember being pretty scared by Hainlein's The Puppet Masters."

King almost scripted Poltergeist



because I'll just say, "I don't know, leave me alone." Because I really don't know. I don't have a capsule answer.

Grant: When, not if, you write another film, would you rather adopt one of your own things, like The Stand?

King: No.

TERRORVISION A LA KING

King: I'd like to do another feature; something long. God help me, I'd even like to do a novel for television. Everyone has their own sword planted in the sand and they go by it twice a day and say, "Sooner or later I must rush on that sword; dismember myself." I think that's mine. I'm convinced that network tv is still viable. If you give somebody enough time and get the audience involved in the characters, you can scare people. You could even scare people over programs like *The Duke of Hazzard*. If you could kill off one of those creepy kids. Can you imagine the reaction of all those nerdy 11- or 12-year-olds sitting in front of their tvs watching *The Duke of Hazzard* and some 10-wheeler comes and just rams those Duke boys right down! (high-pitched voice) "I see his eyeballs on the highway—Oh God!" That would be great. I'd also like to get a bunch of California actors, the ones that look all bubbly inside like pod people, and run 6 or 7 hours of them and get people, just by force of incremental repetition, to take them seriously as people. The same way everybody takes the soap opera people seriously. After you watch *Edge of Night* for about 3 months, your critical judgement fades. They become real people to you. You have no more perspective. I don't follow *Edge of Night* anymore and *General Hospital* is too trendy for me, thank you. Imagine some of those people and then introduce the monster, the slime in the cellar, and have a few of them get eaten. Then you know that no one is safe, anything can happen and the Nielsen ratings go thru the roof! I'd like to try that sometime.

Editorial note to parents:

Stephen King submitted his first story to me at age 13 when I was editor of my previous filmonster magazine. Several years ago he received a \$2½ million advance for 3 books he hadn't written yet! Inspired by a fervor for fantasy films, your son or daughter could grow up to be another King, Spielberg, Lucas, Landis, Baker, Dwyer, Dante, Buechler, Botkin, Carpenter, Savat, Jamie Lee Curtis or Bobbie Briscoe.—FJA

(RETURN WITH US NEXT ISSUE AS CHARLES GRANT AND STEPHEN KING DISCUSS WRITING BOOKS, MAKING MOVIES AND LIVING.)



Sybil Danning had a small part in an episode of *V*, where they showed off her best qualities.



the visual elements into the right perspective, is just fantastic. I'd love to work with him again."

Mora may be lucky, if Danning's experience with another co-worker she especially liked is any indication. Christopher Lea, screen Dracula par excellence, is well on his way to becoming the Spencer Tracy to Sybil's Katherine Hepburn. *The Howling II* marks their fifth collaboration.

Lea and Danning met when they were both working on *The Three and Four Musketeers* in Spain, and since then have costarred in *Albino*, a movie about terrorism in what used to be Rhodesia, and *The Selemender*, an espionage thriller that also starred Anthony "Quasimodo" Quinn.

A SYBIL-EYED VIEW OF LEE

"When I heard that Christopher was going to be doing *The Howling*, I was very happy. He's a complete professional, he always knows his lines and is ready to jump in there and give his all on the first take, which is also the way that I like to work. We get along very well.

"I'm very close to his wife, 'Gita, who is Swedish and used to be a model for Dior in Paris. She always comes with him to film locations. Whenever Chris

and I work together, we update each other on what we've been doing, than he finds somebody to talk about his films with (which he can do for days at a time), and I end up spending more time with 'Gita.

"This is very much an English gentleman. He's very correct and he always dresses like an Englishman after a day's shooting. He's very proper and extremely intelligent; the man is like a walking *Encyclopedia Britannica*."

RAVAGING RENDITIONS

Adored by her fans for her powerful projections of tough, dominant females, Danning will surely disappoint no one with her passionate portrayal of the wicked Queen Stira. Although her *Howling* role calls for fewer stunts than her action movies usually do (Danning's main weapon here is a gargoyle that comes to life and attacks at her command), the same strength and power of will that we have all come to expect from a Sybil Danning character will be in full, fascinating supply.

"Stira is in command by her sheer power to control others," Sybil explains. "Since *Battle Beyond the Stars*, which sort of set the pattern, I've

always played the woman who is in charge. It doesn't matter what kind of genre the film's been in, or whether I'm evil or on the good side. I guess I just put a little something more into these kinds of characters than most other girls who try to play them do."

What is that added something that makes Danning's performances unique? "I've been very independent since I was quite young, and I've traveled all over the world. I think that's caused me to develop a good deal of inner strength, and that, combined with the physical requirements of my films, makes the things I do very interesting for my fans.

"I like the strength behind the kinds of roles I play, the physical and the character strength. I think anyone who is athletic can go out and learn how to swordfight or shoot a gun. But what really makes it believable, and what really makes a difference, is if you have the inner strength to go along with it. That's what really projects."

And that's what really keeps our personal projectors rolling, too, for our favorite Amazon of Fantafilms. On this side of the screen, Sybil, our howling for you never stops.

KING KARLOFF

REMEMBERED

Boris Karloff as Dr. Scarabus, medieval magician who had a battle of Dark Powers with Vincent Price, while Peter Lorre was turned into a black bird in *The Raven*.

This is the film that Karloff completed his role in two days ahead of schedule so producer Roger Corman cannily utilized those remaining 16 hours to shoot a series of unrelated scenes with Karloff; then, with the Karloff footage safely in the can, had a scripter construct a story to fit the footage! If you saw *The Terror*, that was the picture plotted after Karloff had finished his part in *The Raven*!

The signature of "Dr. Scarabus" on the photo was signed by Karloff during the making of his final four films in the last year of his life in 1968.

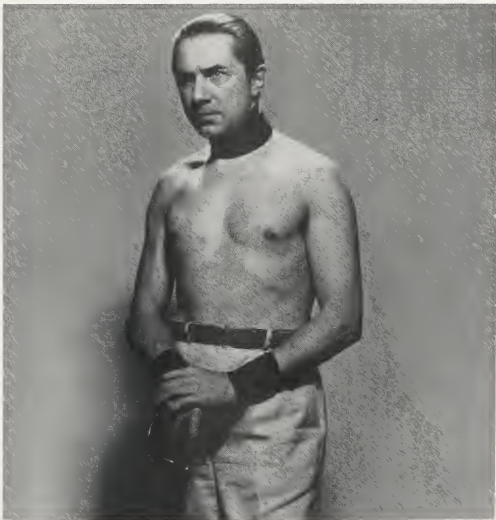
He left us mourning on Black Sunday 2 Feb. 1969.



LUGOSI

LIVES ETERNAL!

And judging from this foto, you might expect him to be alive today. The picture of health and virility in this pose from one of his American stage plays prior to *Dracula* in the '20s, he looks fit to be 100. Officially dead at 73, Lugosi Lives Eternal in the Imagi-nation known as **MONSTERLAND**.



LON CHANEY

SHALL NOT DIE!

Wow, it was 60 years ago, in 1925, and I was only 8, and I sat glued to my seat by the opening of the latest Lon Chaney film. It was *The Monster*, and, actually, Chaney wasn't in it very much, and it was an awfully silly film, but I was never to forget that diabolically clever scheme of lowering a huge mirror down over a deserted road at night so that the lights from the headlights of an oncoming car would reflect and cause the driver to swerve in order to avoid a head-on collision with his own image. After each crash the occupants were in the clutches of med. Dr. Ziska, who in this maniacal manner cleverly captured victims for his resurrection-of-the-dead experiments, as originated in Grene Wilbur's play. Ah, that one could resurrect Lon Chaney!



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